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Longwood College March, 1956



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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XIX

March, 1956

No. 2

FROM THE EDITORS . . .

Our inter-racial issue is compiled of prize-winning material from the annual **Colonnade** contest. The problems that arise from the world-wide associations of the races are pictured here in stories, poems, and essays. All the ideas that are presented in the following articles do not necessarily express the sympathies of the staff.

The art work comes from several sources to provide variety in style. Nancy Lenz, Lynne Higginbotham, and Virginia Obenchain illustrated the stories. The center spread is the work of Nancy Lenz and Jeanne Saunders and gives a snapshot tour of Europe and Africa.

The cover, designed by Nancy Lenz, represents the three races in their struggle to gain equality.

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THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

by MARTHA FOSTER

MARTHA had just finished peeling the last potato when she heard Jim's whistle. She poured fresh water over the potatoes and covered the pot with a top.

"Mom," she called, "I'm going outside for a while."

"All right, dear. Don't be late for supper."

The screen door slammed behind Martha as she ran down the back steps. She was a slender girl of eleven, rather tall for her age, and with sandy hair hanging straight down to her shoulders.

Jim was seated on the curb, whittling on a piece of wood with an old pocket-knife. Although he was a year older than Martha, he was about three inches shorter. His skin was as black as coal and his teeth gleamed very white in his dark face as he grinned at her.

"Hi," Martha said.

"Hi, Miss Martha," Jim answered. He got up from the curb and they walked slowly along, side by side.

Beech Street was on the north side of town, near the paper mills. The smell from the mills was always in the air. But the people who lived in the little, dingy houses on Beech Street didn't mind the smell. The mills assured them that they would eat. The mills paid for their cheap clothes and the rent on the little houses. Martha's father worked in the mills, and Beech Street was the only home she could remember.

Martha and Jim walked far down the street. All the houses were alike, their paint darkened by the smoke from the mills and their yards littered with broken tops and trash. Even the children playing in the yards were alike. They wore few clothes in the hot weather, and they were dirty and noisy. Martha hated it.

Finally, Martha broke the silence between them.

"What are you making, Jim?" she asked, pointing to the piece of wood in his hand.

"I guess it's gonna' be a boat," Jim answered.

They walked on. The men from the mills were coming home. They walked slowly, their empty lunch-boxes in their hands. The children playing

in the yards left their toys and ran to meet them.

Martha stopped. "I'll race you back to the house," she said. They toed a line in the sidewalk.

"On your mark! Get set! Go!" Martha said.

Jim beat her. He always did. In spite of his small size, he could run fast.

He lifted his hand in a funny little salute.

"Bye, Miss Martha."

"Bye, Jim." She went into the house. Her father was already home and they sat down to eat. Her parents' conversation while at the table was all about the "trouble between niggers and whites." Martha paid little attention to what they were saying. She thought of many things—of the big school uptown, where the girls wore pretty dresses and the big boys drove cars. The other kids on Beech Street didn't seem to mind the fact that their clothes were cheap and faded. But Martha minded. She didn't like that school, but she and the other children from Beech Street went. Anything was better than the school on the West Side near the slum district. Jim's school must be even worse than that, thought Martha. Jim lived on Market Street, and he said it was dirtier and drabber than Beech. His father dug ditches for the city's sewer lines. His mother drank beer, and

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Retreat to Darkness

by VIVIAN WILLETT

I awake in the night from my fear:
I watch myself as I rise
And climb above the desolate cliff-face.
All that I have seen passes before me.
Even my own foot-prints
And the ones behind them.
The breakers spring against the sand
And wash the fleeing steps into the sea.
The night hides me. The darkness
Hides my darkness.

I should not be cold in the night from fear:
I tower above the world
And look down into the depths of it—
Through scum and filth and death—
Into the very bottom of the grave.
I am dark like the darkness,
So it hides me. Thus I go on living
But practice death.

The Slave

by VIVIAN WILLETT

With gnarled hands and ancient limbs
He painfully tills his soil;
And even while the daylight dims,
A silhouette bent in toil
Is seen against the sky.

Thus has he been for many years,
Racing with the time;
For even while his twilight nears,
Across the field a chime
Is heard—a final warning.

Still he lays not down his hoe;
His work is not yet done.
And with his form bent still more low,
He prays fervently that the sun
Should light his way a moment longer.

Although the light of day is spent,
His work is not in vain;
For as he dies, his monument
Will be that old and heavy chain
Now loosened from his race.

Mental Inferiority of the Negro: Fact or Fancy?

by HAROLD MAGNUSSON

AN interesting experiment has been in progress for the past eighteen months in our capital city of Washington, D. C. If ever integration of the Negro and white races has a chance of success, surely this would seem to be the proper place. The results as reported in the **Richmond Times-Dispatch** of Wednesday, February 1, 1956, would seem to indicate a wide intellectual and cultural difference exists between white and colored students enrolled in the public schools of Washington, D. C.

Identical city-wide achievement tests were given about a year ago, under the same administration, to all students in the city's schools. These tests indicated about twenty-five percent of the ninth-graders were reading on or below the sixth grade level; almost forty-five percent of the ninth-graders were doing arithmetic on or below the level of the sixth-graders. One principal estimated that from ninety to ninety-nine percent of the retarded children as indicated by these tests were Negroes. What the tests consisted of, how many retarded children actually were Negroes, whether difference in cultural background was considered in arriving at the above conclusion, and other pertinent questions, were not answered in the newspaper article.

The question was asked, "Why do Negroes test so low?" The answers given were varied: "High influx of Negroes from the deep South," "unfair test," "segregated schools," "economic inequality between Negro and white," "over-crowded classrooms in previously all-Negro schools." All these reasons have some validity in explaining the apparent difference in mental ability, but a more obscure reason is, in all probability, of greater importance.

A series of tests given in the public schools of Virginia during the school year of 1951-52 seem to give some confirmation to the Washington tests as to an apparent mental difference. These tests, as reported in the **Richmond Times-Dispatch** of Wednesday, April 20, 1955, showed the following results: The lower twenty-five percent of the white seniors of the city schools of Virginia made a score

of 71.2 or less, while the top twenty percent of the Negro seniors of the city schools of Virginia made a score of 71.3 or more. This would indicate that if two classes were made up of students of comparative ability, the top class would contain three-fourths white students and one-fourth Negro students; the students of lower ability would form a class that contained one-fourth white students and three-fourths Negro students.

While these tests seem to indicate an apparent difference in mental ability, suspicion should be attached to any such conclusion or to any such indication. According to many of our leading anthropologists, psychologists, and biologists, no test has yet been devised that can definitely determine mental ability in the individual, much less differentiate mental ability among groups. Many factors enter into the determination of mental ability, and no scientific device has as yet been invented that can determine to what extent those factors are present or absent in the human intellect.

If we proceed on the assumption that mental differences do exist, and we must emphasize that such a conclusion is an assumption, there should be some plausible explanation for the apparent difference. If we examine the hereditary background of the Negro, some understanding of the Negro's failure to achieve might come to light.

How long the Negro has existed in tropical Africa no one can say with certainty. All the evidence at hand indicates that he has lived there not less than six thousand years and it may well be that many more thousands of years could be added to that amount.

We can only guess as to the stupefying effect such a long exposure to a tropical environment might have on the intellectual ability of any human race. Certainly we do know that the tropical rain forest climate is the most enervating and debilitating to which man can be exposed on this earth.

A. S. Pearse, in his **Man and Environment** is of the opinion that climate probably has more effect on man, both physically and mentally, than does

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UNCLE PETER

by HELEN WARRINER

UNCLE PETER works for us. He's getting old now—somewhere in his eighties. Most folks would have retired when they were twenty years younger. Most folks aren't even around to tell the tale by the time they are eighty years old. But Uncle Peter is a man, and he will be a man until he dies.

He is one of those old fellows who has stuck to his slave master's family. His father belonged to my great-grandfather. Uncle Peter was just a pickaninny then. Before he was very old, the Civil War came along and slaves weren't slaves any more. Then my great-grandfather died. By this time Uncle Peter had outgrown the waterboy size, and he went to work for Mars' Egbert. Mars' Egbert died, and now he works for Boss Marvin.

Uncle Peter is a temperamental old darkey; you have to be careful of what you say to him. Every once in a while he leaves us and goes to work for Mars' Smith or Mars' Flippen, our neighbors over the back fence, but he always comes back. Some Sunday mornings, we see him coming up the cowpath. He and Daddy sit on a piece of machinery and talk about the crops and the weather. Daddy asks him all about his crops, as working for us is just a sideline for him.

"Well, boss, I think I got de fines' crop o' 'bacca I'se ever had. It's 'bout dis high an' it's got a fine color on it. I ain't never see 'bacca grow so in my life. 'Cose I put plenny o' fertilizor on it too. An' I got it in a good place."

"I guess it's bigger than my tobacco, isn't it, Uncle Peter?" Daddy asks.

"Well," he says, with that little Negro chuckle down in his throat and a devilish twinkle in his eyes, "I specs it is, Boss."

The following Monday morning by five or six o'clock Uncle Peter is at the barn. He helps milk, and then he eats breakfast before he goes to the field. Daddy gives him his orders for the day, and he will keep at his job, in sight or out of sight, until Mama rings the dinner bell. He comes to the house then and waits until we get through eating. When he has his dinner, and as soon as he

is through, he goes back to the field. On some hot summer afternoons, Daddy tries to make him rest a while, but he won't listen.

"Naw, suh, Boss. I'll jus' knock 'long on it."

I think I'll remember Uncle Peter best as he used to walk behind the harrow or plow up and down the corn rows when we used horses instead of a tractor to cultivate the crops. I can hear him now hollering at the horses, "Git up dah, Billy. What's de matter wid you, suh?"

I have never seen anyone who walks quite like Uncle Peter. Every time I think about him, I can see him shuffling down the hill behind the barn as he goes home in the evening. It's an old, tired walk, but he has a certain little twitch in his knees that brings out the get-up-and-go in his constitution, and his clod-worn old feet keep plodding along.

I get a lot of pleasure and amusement out of talking to Uncle Peter. In the summer, after dinner I go out to the woodpile and turn up a block of wood to sit on while he tells me all about the old times.

"Mars' Booker he use t' live over dah in a little cabin in de woods. He'd git drunk an' fall in de creek. Miss Blanche would fin' him an' come after me to take him home. I was de only one dat could han'le him when he got drunk like dat 'cause he'd git mean. He use t' cuss an' rip up things dah for a while, but I didn' min' dat. I know he was jus' drunk. I'd tell him t' shut up 'fo I tuk a stick an' knock him in de haid. You had t' let him know who's de boss when he git like dat. I'd take him home an' put him in de bed. 'Bout de nex' week, Miss Blanche she'd come after me agin. You can't do nuthin' with dem drinkin' folks, you know, 'cause dey jus' don' pay no 'tention t' you a tall.

"I use t' wuk for Mars' Willie Tom Vaughn. His house was right over dah on dat hill cross de creek from my house. All dem woods dah was in cultivation den—was big fields all cross dah. Mars' Vaughn he raised 'bout twenny acres o' 'bacca. An' we didn' have no m'chines t' wuk it with neither.

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The Happy Time

by MEADE MANN

Young child with yellow skin,
Or little Negro boy,
Come take the white child's toy,
While you believe you're kin.



You are too young to see
The difference of your race.
The color of your face
Holds meaning just for me.

But as the years pass by,
You'll strive to make your place,
Meet problems face to face
And, oh, how hard you'll try.

They'll say you don't belong
To classes of their kind.
You'll say that you don't mind
And cover tears with song.

I wish you luck and joy.
May your success be sung,
But for the time stay young;
Be happy, little boy.

The Conscience of the South

by MOLLY WORKMAN

WE of the South today face the serious problem known as integration. Insofar as the South is concerned, this problem involves the material and social equalization of the white and Negro races. The Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that segregation as practiced in the South violates the constitutional rights of the American Negro. In all conscience, we who consider ourselves loyal American citizens must admit that the Supreme Court decision is the only just and honest one, both from moral and legal viewpoints. Furthermore, looking at the subsequent violent reactions to the decision of the South's political, social, and cultural leaders, we are forced to bow our heads in shame that such an out-and-out wrong as segregation is not only countenanced but strongly supported by those same leaders.

The opponents of integration have staunchly defended their actions with a series of justifications. They have maintained that the Southern political doctrine of "separate but equal" facilities for Negroes is not a policy of racial discrimination; they have warned that the "catastrophe" of integration would result in the "mongrelization" of the race. But the tragic motive behind these and other defenses is only too apparent to any unbiased observer of the Southern way of life; behind the general Southern attitude toward integration is sheer, unalloyed prejudice. It is an intrinsic, unshakeable belief in the natural superiority of the white race. The truth about ourselves is not always an easy or pleasant thing to face, but in this case it is inescapable. In plain fact, the Southern doctrine of segregation means "separate and inferior;" the "mongrelization" of the race connotes its destruction, for—let us make no mistake about it—the average Southerner believes himself socially, intellectually, and culturally superior to the average Negro.

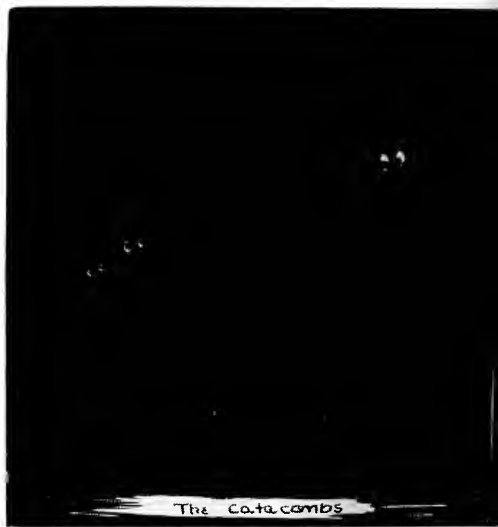
Let us examine the reasons behind this belief. The pro-segregationists point out the fact that the original Negro slaves brought from Africa had not attained the social or cultural organization which existed in seventeenth-century Europe and

Asia. This fact is undoubtedly true, for the natives of Africa were essentially a primitive people. The advocates of segregation would like to maintain that the American Negroes, as a race, still retain a primitive intellectual capacity. Furthermore, the segregationists point to the present humble condition of most Southern Negroes, maintaining that the Negroes have not bettered their condition because they haven't the ability to do so. But, again, the impartial observer is forced to admit that it is the social and economic domination of the white race in the South which has brought about this condition by denying the Negro sufficient opportunity to better himself.

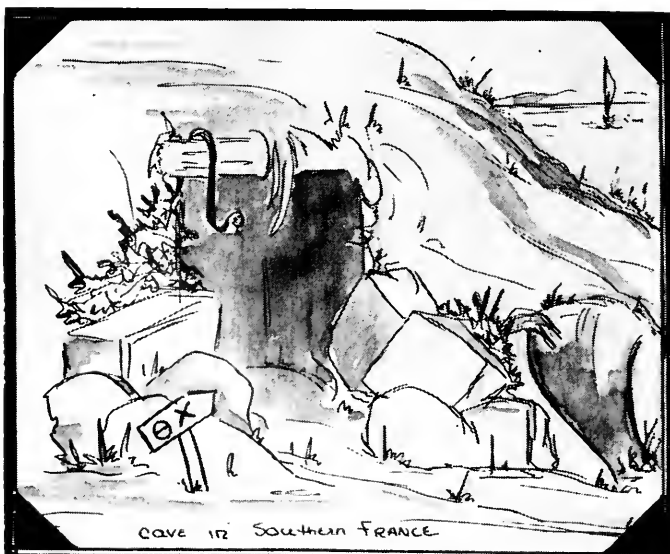
First of all, we deny the Negro adequate educational facilities, hiding behind the false front of the "separate but equal" doctrine. Southern educational facilities are certainly separate as far as the races are concerned, but they are far from equal. Great improvements have been made in the past few years to rectify this situation, particularly in the metropolitan areas, but a great deal more remains to be done. If the practice of segregation were to endure in the South, it would be many a year and cost many a dollar before educational leaders could honestly say that the facilities were "separate but equal."

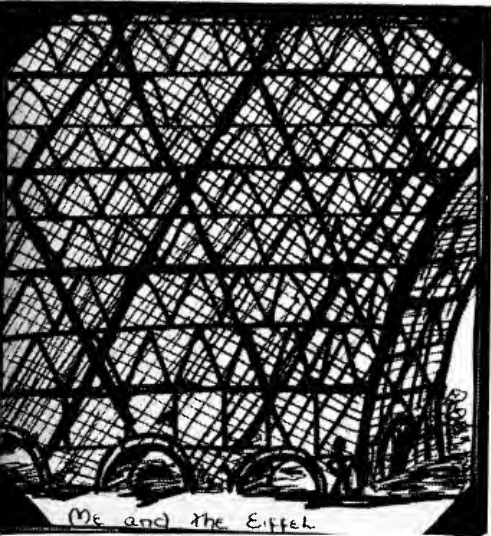
Secondly, when the young Negro has left or graduated from a more or less ill-equipped school with a second-class education, what vocational opportunities are open to him? If he has the large amount of ambition and determination necessary to buck the financial problem, he might study a profession at one of the small, obscure Negro colleges in the South. If he has even more guts and can stomach the discrimination, he might enter one of the white universities or colleges which admit Negroes through reluctant legal necessity. Or—and this is more probably the case—he will simply forego any further education and try to get a job. There probably will be several opportunities open to him—janitor or truck driver, for example—nearly all of which involve menial labor, small re-

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Junior
Year
Abroad..





The Souvenirs

by BARBARA HECK

THE moon was shining brightly. Once in awhile the haze and smoke that hung over the area from the artillery discharge would blot out the moon and cause weird shadows to be cast across the foxholes. In one foxhole sat two soldiers. One had his face covered with his helmet, and a slow, muffled snore could be heard coming from within. The other soldier would frequently cup his hands to his mouth, take a deep breath, and blow slowly into them. He pulled his jacket collar up around his neck and then rubbed the palms of his hands together several times. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pen and a small writing tablet. The soldier pushed his back closely against the side of the foxhole and rested the back of his head against the bank. He un-snapped the middle catch on his jacket, and his fingers reached deep into his inside pocket. He pulled out a picture and slipped it under the clip of his pen. As he snapped his jacket together, he stared at the smiling faces of the young woman and small blonde-haired boy which he knew so well. Balancing the pad on his knees, he began to write.

March 8, 1945

My dearest Marge,

Everything is peaceful here. We've pushed the Germans back again. By the time you read this, Germany may be blown clear off the map—and all her people with it. Maybe the whole world could profit by that. But enough of my side of the world.

We're moving out of here tomorrow. The lieutenant won't tell us where we're heading, but the way things are going maybe I'll be home with you and Tommy soon. Has my son learned to handle that new baseball bat you gave him for his birthday? I hope that I can soon show him myself.

His pen stopped abruptly. The soldier looked up at the sky. Thick clouds were floating slowly in front of the moon. He waited with his pen perched

on the paper. In a few seconds the paper and writing became clear to him, and he once again began to write. But before he finished the sentence, the paper again became a blackened sheet. The soldier slapped the cover over the writing pad and shoved it into his pocket. He pulled the picture carefully from under the clip, looked at it once again and then placed it back in his pocket. As he dropped the pen into his jacket pocket, he glanced up to see that the once-sleeping soldier was watching him.

"Why don't you wait about a week, and maybe you can tell her in person? The platoon's moving out tomorrow. Could mean we'll be going home this time. Maybe, after you've been home for awhile, you can scrape off some of that grudge you carry for the Jerries."

"Grudge? Sure, McGregor. Wouldn't you carry a little grudge if you had a kid brother killed at Anzio?" He gave McGregor a cutting glance. "Maybe you don't want to go home. Maybe you like this little playground the Germans have set up for us."

"You're talking like a fool, Pat. No, I didn't have any brother killed in the war, and sure I want to get home, but you're not getting this war over any sooner with your ideas and methods. Every time we go out on an assignment, you go at each Jerry as if he's some kind of machine that can't be killed."

"Well, they are," said Patterson. He put his weight on his forearm and leaned toward his companion. "They're Hitler's machines. You can hardly call them human. You've seen what happens when their C.O. gets killed. The whole outfit goes to pieces if the key that runs the machine is lost." Patterson kicked a clod of dirt free from the embankment. Pellets of clay rolled into the foxhole.

"Yeah? And maybe they want to get home too—or at least to what's left of home," retorted McGregor.

"That's a joke." Patterson sat upright. "They don't give a damn about home. If they did, they wouldn't have goose-stepped out of Germany.

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Serves them right if all of Germany is blown sky high."

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry I said anything. We better get some sleep so we can be ready to pull out of here in the morning." McGregor leaned against the bank and pushed his helmet over his face. "We really got the Jerries sweatin' up there at the Rhine, don't we?"

The next day was hot and dry. Dust blew around the heavy boots of the platoon as they ambled up the road. Patterson and McGregor brought up the rear of the group. Patterson was telling McGregor about Tommy's great ability as a baseball player when his eye caught the reflection of something shiny on the edge of the road.

"Hey, Mac." Patterson caught his friend by the arm. "Look over in those weeds." He pointed with his rifle. "Isn't that a German helmet?" Patterson jumped over the ditch and landed firmly in the field. "I almost forgot that I told Tommy I'd bring him back a souvenir."

"Get back here, Pat. This is no time to go souvenir hunting."

Several of the other men turned around. "Hey, Pat," called one of the men, "don't go AWOL now. Wait till you're in town with 'ze women and ze wine.'"

Patterson paid no attention to their jokes and laughter. With the barrel of his rifle he pushed back weeds. He stopped suddenly. His rifle had stuck something solid. He jumped back and stared into the weeds. A dust covered packet was spread on the ground. Next to it he could see what had startled him—the body of a German soldier. Just like Hitler's little men, Patterson thought. In too much of a hurry to even pick up the dead. He smiled to himself. What's the use? No sense in burying a machine.

He stooped next to the body and began poking his fingers inside the pockets of the dead soldier's shirt. His fingers touched a cold metal object.

"Hey, Pat," yelled McGregor, "get a move on."


"Yeah, I'm coming," shouted Patterson. He pulled the object from the pocket. It was a gold cross. He laid it in the palm of his hand and stared at it. It glittered brilliantly in the sun. He closed his fingers over it in a fist. Patterson slipped his

hand into the other pocket and pulled out a picture. It was a picture of a woman sitting on a lawn bench with her arms around the shoulders of two girls. He looked from the picture to the face of the German soldier. The German was helmetless, and his blonde hair was thick with dust. Patterson could remember the many times that Tommy came home from the playground with his hair almost brown from the dust and dirt. He thought that behind the closed lids were eyes of blue—like Tommy's. Patterson could not see any sign of the German emblem on the dead soldier's clothes; nor could he remember ever looking so intently at a German soldier before. He opened his fist and looked at the cross. He looked at the picture in his other hand. Why, he thought, why did this happen now? This soldier would soon be going home.

He picked up the jacket from the ground and shook it once very quickly. The dust blew in his eyes, and he blinked several times. He then laid the jacket over the soldier's face and chest. He looked again at the objects in his hands. He placed the cross and picture over the jacket. Patterson stood up very straight—not taking his eyes from the body. He glanced up at the platoon. They were rounding the second bend in the road. He jumped to his feet and began to run toward them. Soon he would be going home, away from this cruel war—cruel for both sides.



The Critics' Corner

 N Tuesday evening, October 25, Dr. Walter S. Hartley presented a piano recital in Jarman Hall. For this first faculty recital of the year Hartley chose selections from Bach to Bartok.

Opening with the Bach, Dr. Hartley played in free contrapuntal style J. S. Bach's "Praeludium in G," bringing out the beauty of the contrasting melodies. The listener found it most interesting to compare this with the two classical selections which followed: "Sonata in G Minor" by K. P. E. Bach and "Sonata in B flat" by J. C. Bach. The latter two Bachs are sons of the former.

Eight Viennese Waltzes by Franz Schubert were played next; and this light, gay dance set was followed by an "Impromptu in A," also by Schubert.

Dr. Hartley has a rare gift in beauty and style, as was shown in his latest composition, "Sonata in A." So completely twentieth century in its style, the sonata has no particular program, leaving the meaning to the discernment of the listener. His art of self-expression was impressive.


Following his sonata, Dr. Hartley played five selections by Bela Bartok, a Hungarian composer of the twentieth century. These included "With Drums and Pipes," "Barcarolla," "Musettes," "Night Sounds," and "The Chase." These short selections were amazingly descriptive, as is so typical of Bartok.

Every music lover is familiar with the six "Preludes" by Chopin, which Dr. Hartley selected to close his program. His accuracy of note and nimbleness of finger, as well as his beauty of expression was noted by all.

Dr. Hartley chose as an encore six of the beautiful "Ecosseises" by Schubert. This well-balanced program reflected good taste and diligence on the part of Dr. Hartley, and was well received by the audience.

Deanna Davis

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 ANFAN THE TULIP" was that enjoyable French costume western and farcial lampoon of the typical movie swashbuckler that we saw on January 18, 1956. The title of the film

came from a French children's song and the co-adoptors and directors, Christian-Jaque, gave a fine example of making a great deal out of much nonsense.

Fanfan, Gerard Phillipe, to escape a shotgun wedding, enters His Royal Majesty, Louis XIV's service. He happens upon a recruiting sergeant's daughter, Gina Lollobrigida, who, posing as a fortune-teller, predicts his marriage to the king's daughter. Fanfan naively believes her and the rest of the farce involves his rising fortunes. Nevertheless, the most delightful and most aptly constructed and acted bits were those satirizing the military, war, and the pomp of kings; the strength of the whole film lay in its antic military drills, its burlesque of camp life, its swashbuckling swordplay, its raucous innuendoes, and its comic battles. As long as the camera followed the buffoons, all went well, but when it chased the horses we were all too aware of a glazed-over western. Fortunately, the bravado of the actors and the action contrasted with the improbability of the plot was sufficient to retrieve the humor.

"Fanfan the Tulip" was number three on this year's Better Films Series, and we admit that we wish there were going to be three more to equal its charm, its broad humor, and its subtle and brittle satire. It was indeed highly received by those who appreciate the tongue-in-cheek.

. James Parker

 N February 14, the Longwood College Music Department presented James Carson, organist, in a faculty recital.

Mr. Carson began his program with Buxtehude's "Prelude, Fugue, and Chaconne." This was followed by a chorale, "Savior of the Heathen, Come" by Bach, and "A Safe Stronghold Our God Is Still" by Hanff. The latter is based on the same tune as the familiar Lutheran chorale, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." These two chorales served as a sharp contrast to the opening selection. From Mendelssohn's organ literature, Mr. Carson chose "Sonata No. 2, C Minor." Faulty mechanism in the organ threatened during the first movement,

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but the organist overcame it so quickly that he did not lose his audience for an instant. "Chorale No. 1, E Major" by Franck completed the first half of the program.

The remainder of the recital consisted mainly of more modern compositions: "Chorale Prelude on Rhosymedre" by Vaughan-Williams, "Requiescat in Pace" by Sowerby, and "Poeme Mystique" on the hymn tune "Manna" by Purvis. These three were especially enjoyable. Although modern, they very definitely leaned toward romanticism and Mr. Carson could not have chosen any registration that would have been more suitable. His registration throughout the entire recital should certainly be commended, but in these three it was outstanding. "March" on a theme of Handel by the Frenchman, Guilmant, concluded the program.

As encores Mr. Carson played "On Liebest Jesu" by Richard Purvis and "March Triomphale" by Sigfrid Karg-Elert.

Joyce Clingenpeel

ON February 15 the Better Films Series presented the third film of this session **Il Trovatore**. The movie is based on the opera of Giuseppe Verdi and his librettist, Salvatore Cammarano. The story of **Il Trovatore** concerns the two sons of the Spanish Count of Luna and their rivalry for the affection of the beautiful Leonora, a plot which is even more complicated and more ridiculous than the average opera.

The strong point of any film based on an opera should be the music. This production was sadly lacking in good musical performances. Gianna Pederzini, as Azucena looked far too young for the part and sang very poorly. Her tone was choppy and harsh. In the role of Manrico, Gino Simmberghi looked the part of a young lover, and his acting was fairly good. His singing could have been quite beautiful had he not forced the upper range of his voice. The other two singers, Enzo Mascherini and Vittorina Pederzini, fared better. Mr. Mascherini was the best of the four singers. He seemed to know the limits of his voice and stayed within them. In several places the tone production was most beautiful. The crowning touch of his performance was his acting. Of the four,

only Mr. Mascherini gave a consistent portrayal of the character portrayed.

On the whole **Il Trovatore** was a second-rate presentation. It is regrettable that it was necessary to present such a poor substitute for the better opera, **Aida**.

Joann L. Fife

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ON March 6, the National Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Howard Mitchell, was presented in Jarman Hall. The opening number was the prize-winning "Concert Overture" by our own Dr. Walter S. Hartley. This composition, written in the modern idiom follows the classic adagio and Sonata allegro form. Unfortunately, the Overture was played slower than it should have been, thereby distorting the original conception somewhat.

The program was planned out of the conventional order. The heaviest composition, Beethoven's "Symphony No. 3, E Flat," followed the intermission. This symphony, like the concert overture, suffered from a too-slow tempo. This was particularly evident in the second movement funeral march. Unlike a persistent, strictly measured march, the rhythm wavered with unwarranted retards between phrases. A dramatic sense for the movement as a whole was obviously lacking. Whereas the theme was overplayed on its first and subsequent appearances, its broken and pathetic strain in the final measures was tossed away. More than once during the program the final chords lacked interest. Unconsciously the audience responded to this weakness by showing signs of weariness where it would have been overwhelmed if the performance had been nearer perfection.


On the whole the first half of the program fared better. The Three Dances from "Bartered Bride" by Smetna were performed with verve and wit. In Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovantchina" the orchestra was at its best. The orchestral coloring painted vivid tonal images suggestive of daybreak.

The National Symphony has improved considerably since their last appearance in Jarman Hall two years ago. We shall look forward to their promised return with hopes that they might be better yet.

Virginia Cowles

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 N March 8, 9, and 10, the Longwood Players performed "Blood Wedding" by the great modern Spanish poet and playwright, Federico García-Lorca. This play, written in 1934, was the second of Lorca's last three tragedies, and its setting is in modern Spain. The Longwood Players' version was very well interpreted. With a background of music by Dr. Walter S. Hartley and a symbolic stage setting, the mood was sustained throughout.

As the mother, Anne Brooking gave one of her best interpretations, as a widow whose only hope lay in her one remaining son, who is soon to be married, James Parker, the bridegroom, also acted with understanding. Cleo Koons played her first speaking role as Leonardo's wife very sensitively. Patsy Abernathy Rice and Fred Staples played the bride and Leonardo, who were bound to their fate. Both were well cast and played with deep feeling. As the three girls, Pat Leake, Cat Osmond and Lynne Higginbotham were promising newcomers to the Longwood stage. Donna Boone, playing the servant woman, added comic relief.

The music was well integrated with the action, and it brought out the subtle rhythms of poetic sections. The set, which consisted of three movable units of geometric shapes and a warm orange color, gave an effect of hard masses and heat. The lighting, which was also effective, focused gradually on the scenes. All the leading characters wore black, and other costumes were in soft colors. Choreography by Patti Parker deserves special mention.

Judy Billett

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

Continued from page 3

she cursed at his father. But that was nothing. Many women and men on Beech Street drank too much, and the women cursed and threw things at their men.

"Martha, did you have a nice day at school?" Her mother's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Yes, Mom."

After they finished eating, Martha dried the dishes for her mother. Then she took her books upstairs to her room and did her lessons.

The days went by, and it was almost time for school to close for summer vacation. Martha saw Jim almost every day. They never talked much,

but they walked for blocks down Beech Street. Jim's boat was almost finished.

Then one night after supper, Martha's mother said, "Martha, before you go upstairs, your dad and I want to talk to you."

Martha sat down in a chair and looked first at her mother, then at her father. After a while, her father spoke.

"Baby, we think you oughta' stop playing with that little nigger."

"It's what folks'll think," her mother said quickly. "What with all the trouble that's stirred up, you can't be too careful with niggers anyhow."

"But, Dad, I like Jim. Why can't I play with him?"

The man spoke quickly, "Martha, your ma and I know what's best, and we say you gotta' keep niggers in their place. That boy'll be gittin' too high and mighty afore long."

Martha sat quiet, but her parents saw the look on her face. They looked at each other, and the woman nodded her head sadly.

"Baby, listen to me. We don't want you playing with him again, ever. Do you hear me?"

Martha looked at her father.

"Why, Dad?" she asked again.

"He's a nigger, that's why!" The man stood up and walked out the back door. The discussion was over.

Martha walked slowly upstairs. The little, low room was hot. She pushed the window up as high as it would go and stood looking down on Beech Street. She could see the kids down the street playing hop-scotch. She turned away from the window.

Then she heard Jim's whistle. She stood quite still in the middle of the room. Jim whistled again. She waited. He did not whistle any more, and Martha knew he had gone.

"I'm sorry, Jim," she whispered, "but that's the way it is."

She picked up a book and sat down in the chair. The big tears rolled down her cheeks, unheeded.

Jim walked down Beech Street, across a block, and turned down Elm. The paper boy on the corner was shouting, "Extra! Extra! Governor says there'll be no integration in South Carolina! Get your evening paper here!"

Jim stopped and stood still on the street.

THE COLONNADE

Then, with a quick jerk of his wrist, he threw the completed wooden boat into the street. Pushing his hands deep into his pants' pockets, he walked down the street with bent head.

The next day on her way to school, Martha saw Jim. He was coming down the street toward her. He didn't look up or speak as he passed. Neither did Martha. She walked on uptown, and she didn't look back.

MENTAL INFERIORITY . . . FACT OR FANCY?

Continued from page 5

any other phase of his environment. H. G. Duncan, in his **Race and Population Problems**, goes a step farther, as he believes that race itself appears to be a consequence of climatic influences and that all racial differences are a direct result of climatic difference. Duncan, however, does not associate mental differences with physical differences. It remains for Ales Hrdlicka, writing on Human Races in **Human Biology and Racial Welfare**, to present that point of view. Mr. Hrdlicka has this to say: "Races that have been subjected for a long time in their past to malarial or other infections and survive, must have acquired more or less immunity against these infections which is lacking in other races—and such Medicine has found to be the case. Such races have therefore gained a certain vital advantage, but this only at the cost of prolonged suffering which was adverse to intellectual advance. It is an old truism that a malarial region breeds few talents; and the same may be applied to all chronic blood infections. It could not be expected therefore that two human groups, one living in a malarial region, and the other in a wholesome region, could progress equally and retain the same standards. The affected group would become belated."

The development of mental ability in the Negro of Africa, has been further restricted by his superstitious ideas, his actual bodily enslavement, and his habit of cannibalism. Mr. Hrdlicka is of the opinion that the total results of all these conditions under which the Negro has existed for untold centuries, have made it inevitable that no equality could possibly exist between the black and the white, either physically, physiologically, or intellectually. He cites the cultural evidence to sustain such an assumption, while admitting that no direct

scientific evidence is available on which to base his opinion.

The above explanation as a possible cause of the apparent intellectual difference between white and black seems to be the most plausible. The test scores from the schools of Washington, D. C., and from the schools of the state of Virginia would tend to bear out the conclusion reached by Mr. Hrdlicka as to intellectual differences. If this difference does actually exist, it must be regarded as one of degree only; it may be that, as the American Negro slowly emerges from political and social bondage, as he slowly migrates northward into a more invigorating climate, so might his mental awareness be sharpened to such an extent that he will develop within himself an ambition and an inner drive that will eventually overcome the apparent mental torpidity that now seems to be his main deterrent to intellectual progress.

But it must be emphasized that this rehabilitation of mental vigor must come from within; the Negro himself must, above all else, desire to advance to a higher intellectual plane. It would also seem logical that this slow evolutionary process, within a favorable environment, that might eventually change the mental ability of the Negro cannot be accomplished overnight, even though the Supreme Court of the United States might so decree.

UNCLE PETER

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We did it all wif de team an' de hoe. I was de manager.

"Mars' Vaughn use 't' say ev'ry mawnin', 'Well, Peter, you take those boys out there and chop the grass from under that tobacco. I'm going into town today.'

"You see, he could trus' me 'cause he know I goin' do what I say. He could depen' on me 'cause I goin' wuk 'long steady on de job, and when I come out de field, won't goin' be no grass under dat 'bacca."

"Yes, sir. I know that's right."

"Yes, ma'am. Dat's right. An' all day time, I raise my crops at home, too. I'd git up 'fo day and harra my cawn and 'bacca. I wuk with steers. I had a pa'r o' steers I use 'stead of a hoss."

"I remember one pair of steers you had, Uncle

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THE COLONNADE

Peter. I was small then, and I remember how funny it seemed to pull a plow with steers."

"Ha, ha. Is dat so, chile? I've raised a lot o' wattermalons in my time. I've really grewed some big ones. I've seen 'em in my patch big as dat tub dah. I'd bring 'em t' de house by de wag'n loads. Sometimes de boys would slip in dah an' steal 'em, but I'd fin' out 'bout dat, you know. I'd set down dah till dey come agin an' den I'd suprise 'em. I'd tell 'em to git out dah fo dey knowed what was good for 'em. An' dey wouldn't come back no mo' 'cause I had done skere 'em so. Dey think I might shoot 'em or sumpin'.

"I didn' put in no wattermalon patch dis year. Dey's so much wuk you know an' I jus' didn' have time to bother with 'em. De ol' boy gittin' ol' now and it's hard on him. I won't be 'round much lenger, but I likes t' do what I kin. Dese young ones dey don' like t' wuk, but I don' believe dat's de right thing t' do. I was raised up t' wuk, an' I believe dat's what de Lawd wants you t' do. But de ol' fella ain't goin' t' wuk much longer now. De Lawd goin' t' call soon an' when He calls He wants you right den. Ain't no foolin' 'round 'bout it. I done try t' live right, you know, so dat when de Lawd gits ready for me I'll be ready for him. Dat's de way 'tis."

Daddy calls from the house. "Dinner's ready, Uncle Peter."

"Yas, suh, Boss."

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE SOUTH

Continued from page 9

muneration, and practically no chance to advance.

In addition to the employment problem, the Southern Negro is told that he must sit in the back of the bus, that he may live only where the zoning restrictions permit, and that he may not patronize white restaurants, motion picture houses, and other

establishments simply because he is colored. With this almost insurmountable barrier of discrimination before him, is it any wonder that the average Southern Negro makes little or no effort to accomplish the near-impossible and thereby earns the racial reputation of being a "shiftless, good-for-nothing nigger"? No man, black or white, can bang his head against a brick wall forever.

The problem as presented here has, perhaps, been over-simplified. Undeniably, there are many Negroes, as well as many whites, who are naturally shiftless and good-for-nothing and have no desire to better their condition in life. But the fact that such flagrant racial discrimination does exist in the South is undeniable. The South and its people must face the fact that segregation is a moral, social, and legal injustice. They must develop a sense of shame that such an injustice is being and has been tolerated in twentieth-century America. They must realize that the United States' prestige abroad is being harmed by the South's defiance of the Supreme Court decision and that the enemies of our way of life are eagerly taking advantage of our internal dissension. Most of all, we **must** realize that racial discrimination is based on nothing more substantial than blind prejudice, hypocrisy, and personal bigotry. Then and only then can we begin to fight the enemy of intolerance on its home field—in the hearts and minds of the people of the South. Our only protection against ourselves is conscience, and the conscience of the South must be stirred and awakened by the realization that segregation is an injustice. When this is accomplished, when the South admits that the wrong and the fault is its own, not that of the Supreme Court of the United States, perhaps we will be able to arrive at a just, moral, and logical solution to the problem of integration.

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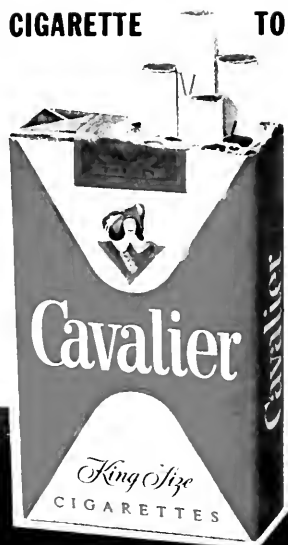
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